

## WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER VIII.  
"Too Late!"

"Poor Annie and me will be quite safe," laughed Olivia. "Mr. Faradeane does not even bark, least of all bite."

"This was a few minutes before dinner, and the entrance of Bertie and Bartley Bradstone stopped the interesting conversation.

"We are only waiting for Mr. Faradeane," said the squire, glancing at his watch, after the usual greetings had been got through.

"Faradeane?" said Bartley Bradstone as he stood in an easy—too easy—attitude, his evening suit cut in the very last fashion, and a costly diamond blazing in the center of his white shirt-front. "Faradeane? Is he coming?" and his brows came down with the half-sullen, half-suspicious frown.

"Yes," said the squire, "and I am glad to say we have struck up a friendship. He is one of the pleasantest men—"

"He might be polite as well as pleasant," said Bartley Bradstone, looking at his watch. "It isn't quite the thing for a newcomer to keep us all waiting."

Bertie cut in quickly.

"It wants two minutes to six," he said: "your watch is fast, Mr. Bradstone."

"It's one of Dent & Frodsham's chronometers," he retorted.

"It's fast all the same," said Bertie, firmly, but pleasantly. "I timed mine at the station an hour or two ago."

Before Mr. Bradstone could meet this argument, the door opened and the footman announced Mr. Faradeane, and the great hall clock chimed the hour.

Every eye was, not unnaturally, turned upon the latest guest, and Olivia thought that Annie was right as she glanced at the tall figure and handsome face. Unlike Mr. Bartley Bradstone, his dress-suit was not in the latest cut, and instead of a blazing diamond was a plain black pearl.

An expression of approval shone in the squire's eyes, for Faradeane's appearance in evening dress confirmed the squire in his good opinion of him. "You have just come in time to prevent a duel of time-pieces," he said. Aunt Amelia smirged.

"I, at any rate, was sure Mr. Faradeane was not late," said she, graciously.

"Then, as a reward, you shall be taken in by him," said the squire, offering his arm to Mary. Bertie, the highest in rank, escorted Annie; and Faradeane having Aunt Amelia, Olivia was left to Bartley Bradstone.

"This is a rough-and-scramble meal," said the squire, as the butler lifted the cover from the fish, "but if you will perpetrate such follies as penny readings, you must pay the penalty."

"My brother ridicules our humble efforts to amuse and instruct our brethren, Mr. Faradeane; but he is always doing good himself, which he never mentions."

"Nor permits any one else to mention," said the squire.

"Do not let your right hand know

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what your left hand doeth," as the man said who put a bad shilling in the collecting-box," said Faradeane.

Annie and Mary almost started. Was this the mysterious stranger whose dark, contemptuous eyes had smitten them with awe? And could it be possible that his first words should be a frivolous jest? They began by being astonished, and continued so during the whole of the meal. Faradeane, who had sunk into his chair after the ladies' exodus, looked up with a slight start. "Your first remark is the right one," he said; "I have a good memory."

"Yes," said Bartley Bradstone. "It reminds me of Russell, who said once in the House that 'a man was indebted to his memory for his wit, and to his imagination for his facts.'"

There was a moment of ghostly silence; then Faradeane said, with perceptible ease and amiability: "Quite right, Mr. Bradstone, your quotation hits me to a nicety. I have a good memory."

"I've heard most of the stories a score of times," said Bartley Bradstone, filling his glass.

"And I haven't heard one," said the squire; "but I have been out of the world so long."

"You couldn't have heard them, squire," said Bertie, warmly, "seeing that Faradeane invented them on the spot."

"Not all, Cherub," put in Faradeane with a faint smile.

"Well, nearly all. I remember you telling that one about Limerick races—" He stopped and caught at his wine glass as Faradeane's eyes grew grave and warning. "I mean I remember that story years ago."

"I never heard it before," said the squire, "and am just as grateful as if Mr. Faradeane had invented it," and he laughed. "Well, now, take some wine, for we must have a cup of tea with the ladies before you start."

Bartley Bradstone filled his glass, but Faradeane and Bertie left theirs empty, and a few minutes afterward they went into the drawing-room.

dian who succeeded in convulsing a theatre with laughter while his thoughts were fixed upon his favorite child, who lay dying while he played. "A most delightful man!" exclaimed Aunt Amelia, as the ladies filed into the drawing-room. "I never laughed so much in my life."

"Nor I!" exclaimed Mary and Annie. "And he scarcely smiled himself. Did you see the squire laugh. Oh, dear! Why, he isn't at all what I fancied he would be! I'm not a bit afraid of him. But you didn't seem so amused, dear; you didn't laugh scarcely at all. Why was that?" and she wound her arm round Olivia's waist.

"It's because I'm so stupid," replied Olivia. "You must make allowances, Annie."

Meanwhile the butler—who had only succeeded in maintaining his solemn gravity through the dinner by going out into the hall and getting rid of his laughter—had placed the Hawwood port on the table, and left the gentlemen to discuss it.

"You have a wonderful memory, Faradeane—No, that's unfair, a wonderful vein of humor, I ought to say," said the squire.

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CHAPTER IX.  
"The Bird is Nettle."

The ladies had got their outdoor things on; but Olivia stood at the teatable with her gloves off to give the gentlemen their tea. As Faradeane went up to her for his cup, she raised her eyes to his face curiously, and felt no surprise at seeing it wear its usual grave and half-sad expression. She had instinctively known that he had been acting during the dinner, and the lightheartedness which had so enchanted the rest, was but seeming.

He met her gaze and smiled faintly, and her eyes fell.

"Were you going to ask me something?" he inquired, in a low voice.

"No, no," she said, confusedly. "Will you have some sugar?"

"You see," he said, "you were going to ask me something."

Feeling as if his dark eyes had read her innermost thoughts, she flushed, and turned away to put on her gloves.

"We really mustn't be late, Mr. Faradeane!" exclaimed Aunt Amelia, who was "got up" in a hat and jacket rather more youthful than Olivia's. "The dear people will be so anxious, you know."

"I am ready," he said, and he went toward Olivia to offer her his arm to the carriage, then stopped suddenly, as if he had remembered something, and looked round for Bertie, who sprang forward to her side instantly.

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### Dr. Chase's Ointment

Olivia saw the sudden change of partners, and for a moment she hesitated; then, with lowered eyes, she put her hand on Bertie's arm.

The rest followed, and Faradeane got into the carriage with Annie and Mary, much to their delight, and somewhat to their awe.

"Well," said Bertie, eagerly, in a low voice to Olivia, "what do you think of him?"

"Of him?" asked Olivia, with an affection of doubt.

"Of Faradeane," said Bertie. "Isn't he splendid? By Jove! he was at his best to-night—I mean I should think so," he stammered, with a mental banning of his carelessness. "That's what I call humor, Olivia, don't you?"

Anybody can make you laugh—I mean any low comedian, but not as he does. He makes you think at the same time, don't you know. You know what I mean."

"Yes, I think I do," she said, in a low tone. "Is Mr. Faradeane always in such good spirits?"

"No, by Jove! poor old fellow!" said Bertie, regretfully. "He is generally awfully sad and quiet. I think he came out strong to-night to please the squire and amuse Annie and Mary. They were delighted, weren't they?"

"Yes. And you think Mr. Faradeane had no thought of our amusement and applause—yours and Mr. Bradstone's and mine?" she asked, with her rare smile.

"No; I think he exerted himself for the squire and the girls. It's just like his good nature."

"You appear to have become very intimate with him in a short time," said Olivia.

Poor Bertie colored a deep red, which the darkness luckily concealed.

(To be Continued.)

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This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

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